

“Arsene Lupin”

A drama

in

~~Three~~ Four Acts

By Francis de Croisset and Maurice Leblanc

Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre,
N. Y, 26 August 1909

Characters.

Arsene Lupin:

Guerchard:

Gournay-Martin:

Examining-Magistrate:

Charolais, the elder.

Charolais' three sons, Hippolyte, Anastase & Bernard.

Commissary of Police:

Janitor:

Boursen:

Firmin:

Agent of Police:

Jean, a Chauffeur.

Bonavert:

Alfred, a Footman.

Sonia Kritchhoff:

Germaine:

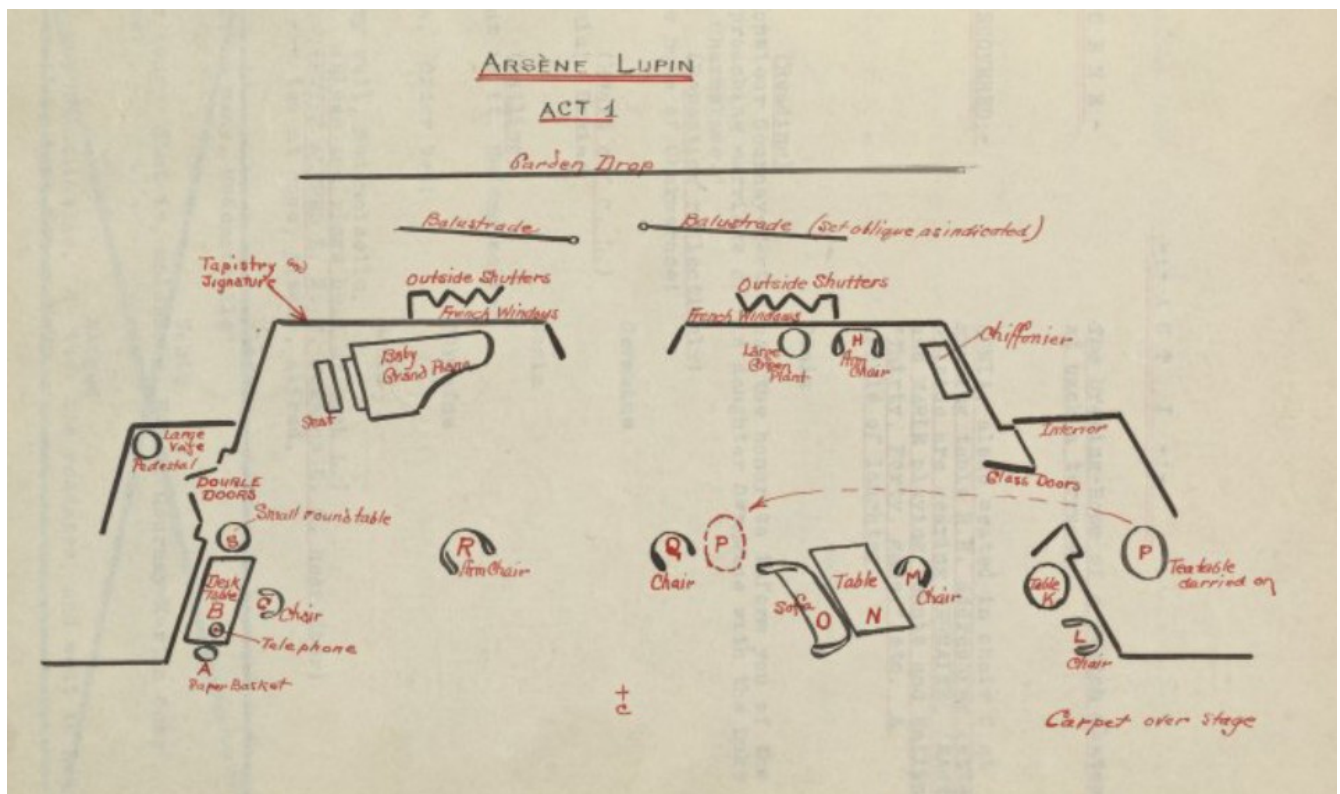
Victoire:

Jeanne:

Marie:

Janitress:

Irma, a Maid.



IMAGE

Act 1

Scene: The drawing room of a French Chateau. At
back a terrace

Discovered: Sonia, alone seated in chair C at writing
table R.H. addressing letters. Outside are gearing
Germaine, Jeanne, and Marie playing tennis and
calling "Thirty, Forty, game." ect. A ripple of laughter.

Sonia:

(Reading) "Monsieur Gournay-Martin has the honor to
inform you of the approaching marriage of his
daughter Germaine with the Duke of Charmerace."

(Repeating reflectively) The Duke of Chamerace!

Germaine:

(Heard off C.L.) Sonia! Sonia!

Sonia:

(Calling) What is it, Mademoiselle?

Germaine:

Tea. Order tea!

Sonia: Very well, Mademoiselle. (Rises and rings bell at back L.) (Enter Alfred L.2E. Remain L.C. near door)

Oh – Tea at once, please, Alfred.

~~Alfred: For how many Mademoiselle?~~

~~Sonia: For four. That is, unless — has M. Gournay-
Martin come home?~~

~~Alfred: Oh, no, Mademoiselle. He took the roadster,
and went to Rennes. He won't be back for an hour.~~

[[STOPWATCH STARTED HERE]]

Sonia:

~~And the Duke?~~ The duke went out riding. Has his
grace returned?

Alfred:

Not yet, Mademoiselle.

Sonia: The servants start for Paris this afternoon?

Alfred:

We are all ready, Mademoiselle.

Sonia:

Thank you, and now for tea, please.

(Exit Alfred L. 2E. Sonia crosses ~~and sits~~ again to at
writing table R ~~and resumes writing.~~)

Sonia:

(~~writing~~ Reading)

“Monsieur Gournay-Martin has the honor to inform
you of the approaching marriage of his daughter
Germaine”... (Pauses. Looks up – Enter Germaine C.L.
Running. She goes directly down C then lays her
racquet on chair Q.)

Germaine:

What are you doing, Sonia? Why aren't you writing?

Sonia:

(Setting + Resuming her work.) I am. I am.

Enter Marie and Jeanne C.L. following Germaine.
Marie goes to head of table B (R:H) Jeanne behind
Sonia.)

Marie:

Are all these invitations to your wedding?

Germaine:

Every one. ~~And we've reached the letter V.~~ (By chair Q
– is putting her racquet in its case.)

Jeanne:

~~(Reading over Sonia's shoulder) Princess of Vernon.~~
~~Duchess of Vauvinense. What swells!~~ (Up to piano,
puts racquet on it – gets case and puts racquet in
case.)

Marie:

~~You won't know poor little "us" when you're Duchess
of Charmerace.~~

(Marie gets her case from chair R and puts her
racquet in it)

Sonia:

(Writing) Madame de Vauleglise."

Germaine:

(Coming down stage – in front of sofa O.) (Meditating)

Out she to have a single, double, or triple cross?

Marie:

(Surprised) What do you mean by that?

Germaine:

(LC) One cross – an invitation to the church; two crosses – invitation to church and breakfast; three crosses – invitation to church, breakfast, and dance afterwards.

Jeanne:

(Down C and sitting on sofa O. Marie sits on arm of chair R. Germaine remains standing C.) We don't know her ---

Germaine:

She's rather a cat, but she goes to church three times on Sunday.

Marie:

Then give her three crosses.

Jeanne:

Why not consult your fiancé?

Germaine:

Jacques? He's bored to death with all this. Oh, dear!

Oh dear! He has so changed in seven years. Seven years ago he sailed for the South Pole just because "exploring" was the fashion. Now he scoffs at fashion. He's as prim as a school master and fashion sets his teeth on edge.

Sonia:

(In chair R and before writing table. Looking up.) He ~~can be as lively as a cricket, Mademoiselle.~~ He appears to me very  Mademoiselle.

Germaine:

Yes, but only when he's making fun of people. Usually, he's as serious as an old magpie.

Jeanne:

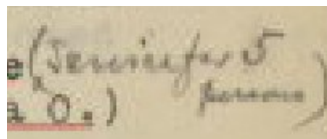
Your father is delighted at the change in him.

Germaine:

He's a Duke, you see: So everything he does is right.
(Going up; suddenly stops before piano up RC.) Sonia,
who put that statuette there?

[MOVED FROM ORIGINAL PLACEMENT BELOW
SONIA'S NEXT DIALOGUE INDICATED BY AN
ARROW](Enter Alfred with tea L2E on small tea table
which he places C between chair Q and end of sofa

O.)



Sonia:

(Astonished) I don't know, when ~~we~~ I came in, it was
over there, as usual.

Germaine:

Alfred, were you in the drawing-room while we were in
the garden?

Alfred:

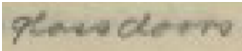
No, Mademoiselle.

Germaine:
Has anybody been here?

Alfred: I didn't hear anybody, I was in the pantry.

Germaine:
How very odd. (Gives statuette to Alfred who places it on chiffonier L. He then closes the doors at back - and is going L2E.) Has anyone telephoned from Paris?

Alfred:
Not yet, Mademoiselle. (~~Fastens the right half of door L2E. Exits L2E.~~ Sonia rises, comes above the table C and pours out a cup of tea.)

Germaine:
(Moves toward C[?]) Nobody has telephoned. How annoying. And not a single wedding present all day - not even a pair of fish knives. (Gives Marie a cup of tea; then takes cup of tea to Jeanne.) (Alfred closes
 C  L2E.)

Sonia:

Well, it's Sunday you see. Nothing can be delivered today.

Jeanne:

Is the dear Duke coming to tea with us?

Germaine:

(Returns to C. Sits on Chair Q, and takes cup of tea which Sonia offers her.)

Germaine:

Of course, I expect him at half past four. He went riding with George and Andre Durand and he's going to bring them back with him.

Marie:

When did ~~you~~ he go riding with the Durands?

Germaine:

This afternoon.

Marie:

Oh, no, he didn't really. My brother was to have

lunched with them today and found they were both out; not expected home till late.

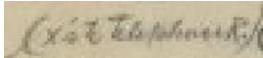
Germaine:

(Surprised) Really! (then to herself) What ever made him tell me such a lie?

(Enter Irma, a Maid, R2E. Germaine rises and goes a little to R. Puts cup on table.)

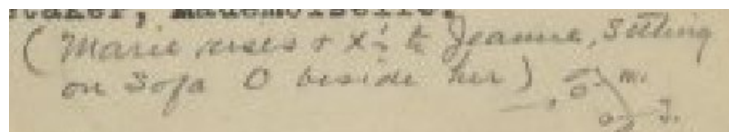
Irma:

Some one wants to speak to you from Paris, Mademoiselle. ~~(Marie rises and crosses to Jeanne, sitting on sofa beside her.)~~

Germaine: How exciting!  (Goes to chair C in front of writing table B, sits and telephones.)

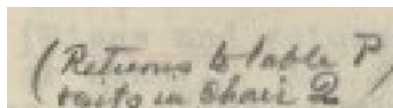
Irma:

No, it's Victoire, the caretaker, Mademoiselle.



Germaine:

(RH BUS: 'phoning) Hello! Is that you, Victoire? Yes? More presents have arrived. ~~Oh, splendid! What are they? Open them! Open them, you hear?—all right—what is it?—paper knife? That's the sixth! Another Loui XVI. Inkstand—Oh dear! That's the tenth. Who from? Countesse de Rudose, Bardon de Yarlery! Is that all? Splendid! (To Sonia) there is something else. (Listens to telephone) Is it possible? What? What? WHAT? (To Sonia) Sonia! Sonia! A pearl necklace! Big pearls? Big pearls, really, big ones, Sonia. Pearls big and pure! How lovely—who sent it? A friend of father's—just think, a necklace of pearls. Lock it in the safe – yes, thanks I'll see you tomorrow, Victoire.~~



Germaine:

It's so funny! Father's dull old friends are giving me delicious jewelry, while the smart people send nothing – just because Jacques is not letting everyone know we are engaged.

Jeanne:

It hasn't been properly advertised.

Germaine:

Please don't be funny! His cousin, Mme. De Relzieres,
is the only one who seems to know.

Jeanne:

She'll – why her son is fighting a duel today.

Sonia:

With whom?

Marie:

Nobody knows. She picked up a letter dropped by one
of the seconds.

Germaine:

She needn't worry about Relzieres, he is the finest
fencer in Paris.

Jeanne:

He knew your fiance long ago, didn't he?

Germaine:

It was through him we knew Jacques.

~~Marie: Where?~~

~~Germaine: In this chateau.~~

~~Marie: In Jacques' own house?~~

COVERED OVER WITH NEW PAGE:

~~Germaine: Yes. Isn't life strange? If, for a few months
after the death of his ____ il god to get money for his
expedition to the South Pole, and if father and I had
not wanted to ____ el place, and if father hadn't
____ my hand ____ (____)~~

~~Marie [PRESUMABLY]:~~

~~What ____~~

~~Germaine:~~

~~(____ to C.) Everything. Father was afraid the Chateau
would be damp, so Jacques invited us to visit him and
his son! Isn't it ____ and father was cured, while
Jacques fell in love with me. Daddy bought the
Chateau and I engaged to Jacques. (____)~~

*PASTED OVER THE ABOVE: Marie:
How did you become engaged to the Duke?*

*Germaine: Why father admitted the Duke's old
historical place, so the Duke invited us to visit him –
then he promptly fell in love with me. As he wanted
money for his expedition to the South Pole, father
bought his chateau. And that's how I became engaged
to the Duke.*

Marie:
But, you were only sixteen.

Germaine:
Yes, I was only sixteen. So Jacques went off to the
South Pole.

Jeanne:
Why?

Germaine:
Father thought me too young to be engaged. So I
promised Jacques to wait till he came back – only

between ourselves...if I had known he was going to be
so long at the South Pole--

Marie:

Seven years is a long time, isn't it?

Jeanne:

Almost the best years of your life, poor dear.

Germaine:

Thanks.

Jeanne:

Well, but you're 23 now, aren't you?

Germaine:

I shall be – soon. (Moves to chair R) I suffered
tortures. The Duke fell ill, and was nursed at
Montevideo. As soon as he got well, he went off for
another two years – then all at once we could get no
news of him at all. For six months we thought he was
dead. (Sits armchair “R” R.C.)

Sonia:

You must have been very unhappy.

Germaine:

I was. For months and months I didn't dare to wear a colored frock. (Sonia moves to arrange a kettle C)

Jeanne:

(Sarcastically.) What agonies you must have endured.
~~(Sonia goes up stage a little C)~~

Germaine:

However, the Duke had the grace to put me out of suspense at last. He telegraphed that he was safe and well, and three months ago the Duke came home.

Jeanne:

(Mocking, to Marie) The Duke! The Duke!

Marie:

And in all this time you never fell in love with someone else?

Germaine:

I didn't fall in love but I came near becoming engaged

--

Marie:

To whom?

Germaine:

The Duke's cousin, M. de Relzieres.

Jeanne:

But you say you didn't love him?

Marie:

How could she? He's a mere Baron, you see.

Jeanne:

And Jacques was a duke. (Marie rises. Jeanne rises
and goes to Germaine ~~up by around table N. up to~~
~~piano and getting racquet~~)

Germaine:

(Rises to C.) Must you?

Marie:

(Moving a little up C. Affectedly) ~~Yes, we promised to call on the Viscountess of Grosjean.~~ (Carelessly) ~~Do you know the Viscountess of Grosjean?~~ (Sonia comes down R near chair "C" in front of writing table.)

Germaine:

~~Father knew her husband, on the Bourse when he was plain Mr. Grosjean. My father keeps the name he inherited from his ancestors.~~ (Crosses down L. Marie goes to arm chair R to get her racquet.)

Jeanne:

(going up - to Marie - aside) ~~Did he have any ancestors?~~ (To Germaine) We shall see you in Paris?
(Jeanne kisses Germain and goes up C)

Germaine:

Yes. Tomorrow. Goodbye.

Marie:

(Kisses her and up C joins Jeanne.) Goodbye, dear, good bye. (Alfred appears C from L and holds C doors open for them.) Regards to the dear Duke.

Marie & Jeanne:

(Together) Au revoir. (They go out C to L. Germaine escorts them up and remains RC near piano. Alfred holding open the door for them. Sonia sits down RH.)

Alfred:

Are you at home to two gentlemen, Mademoiselle?

Germaine:

(To Sonia) The Durands, I suppose. (To Alfred) Ask them to come in?)

Alfred: Has Mademoiselle ~~my~~ any orders for Victoire or the ~~concierges~~ janitors in Paris?

Germaine:

No – when are you going?

Alfred:

By the seven o'clock train. We shall be in Paris tomorrow morning by nine.

~~Germaine:~~

~~Is everything packed?~~

Alfred:

~~Everything, Mademoiselle. The cart has taken the
heavy luggage to the station. We have only our bags
to pack.~~

Germaine:

Very well. Show the gentlemen in! (Exit Alfred CL.
Germaine turns, sees broken pane in window C,
utters another startled cry.) Look!

Sonia:

What?

Germaine:

A pane of glass in the window – just above the catch.
It isn't there. It seems to have been cut out.

Sonia:

How extraordinary!

Germaine:

Didn't you feel a draught?

Sonia:

No. Perhaps there are bits of glass on the floor. I'll...

(Rises and goes near Germaine RC, looks on the floor.) (Enter Alfred CL)

Germaine: (turning cordially) How do you?... (Stops in amazement.) (Enter Charolais and Hippolyte, his son, the latter twisting his hat in his hands, and smiling in a silly way. Charolais enters first, then his son. They come down L, pass in front of table N – to extreme R. Charolais in front of armchair R. Hippolyte passes him and gets R in front of table B. There is a moment's awkward silence.) Er...may I ask?...

Charolais:

(Bobbing) My name is Charolais. M. Charolais, formerly a brewer, now Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, landed Proprieter at Rennes. Hippolyte, my son, is an engineer. (Hippolyte bows) We have just been lunching near here at Kerlor Farm. We left Rennes this morning and have called for the purpose of...of...

Sonia:

(Low to Germaine) Shall I ~~send for~~ offer tea?

Germaine:

(Low to Sonia. Sonia passes behind Germaine to L to back of tea table LC) No. (To Charolais, curtly.) I beg your pardon?

Charolais:

Thank you. We asked to see your father, learning that he was out and that you were at home, we couldn't resist the pleaseure...hem...of popping in. (They bow and both sit. Germaine and Sonia look at them enquiringly.)

Hippolyte:

Father, what a beautiful house.

Charolais:

Yes, dear boy, it's beautiful indeed. (To Germaine and Sonia) Ladies, this is a very fine place.

Germaine:

Excuse me, sir, may I ask the nature of your buisness?

Charolais:

The point is this. We read in a local paper than M.

Gournay-Martin wanted to sell an automobile.

Hippolyte has a frantic desire to “scorch” as he terms it, in a “roadster”.

Germaine:

We have a roadster, ~~but~~ and it's for sale; my father's using it today.

Charolais:

Perhaps it's the car we saw near the stables.

[PAGE 18/183: 1:48:59:97 from stopwatch start.

2,148]

[STOPWATCH RESUME]

Germaine:

No, that's a touring car. It belongs to me. But, if your son wishes to “scorch” --- (Charolais Jr. nods.) We have a hundred horse power that my father has decided to sell. Where's the photograph, Sonia? (The girls turn their backs. Sonia goes between table N

and chair M. Germaine comes to sofa O. Her back to Charolais and the two women look on table N. During which Hippolyte takes statuette from table B.

Hippolyte grabs a statuette.)

Charolais:

(Low.) Draop that, you fool.

Germaine:

(Turning – comes to centre with photo which she offers to Charolais.) Here's the photograph.;

Charolais:

(Rising) Oh, thank you; yes, yes! A fine car! A hundred Horse Power! May I ask what is your lowest price?

Germaine:

I don't know at all. Won't you come back later and see my father?

Charolais:

With pleasure. So very kind of you, really. (Bowing – goes up to door C with his son. Germaine follows them.) Come, dear boy. (The two Charolais bow again

at the door and exit C to L. Germaine watches them
exist and comes down RC. Sonia goes up to the
chiffonier (up LC) and arranges her hair before the
mirror on chiffonier.

Germaine:

What weird people! (Impatiently) But, dear, oh dear.
Why doesn't the Duke come?

Sonia:

(Comes down takes envelope from table N and ? In
front of table ?) And the Durands, too? (~~Begins to
write again, seated in chair C~~) Perhaps the Duke
called on his cousin, M. de Relzieres.

Germaine:

(At LC) Why should he? They hate each other. I heard
they quarrelled no later than yesterday.

Sonia:

(Moving ___ TLC) (~~Throwing down pen~~) Quarrelled!
Then perhaps - perhaps --

Germaine:
Perhaps what? What's the matter?

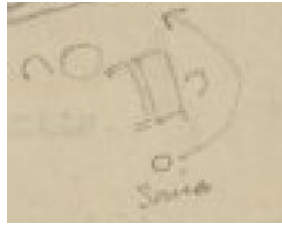
Sonia:
(~~Rises and crosses to table N~~) (Backing away towards
table L) The duel – M. de Relzieres's duel!

Germaine:
You don't suppose?...

Sonia:
It's horrible. Think. If the Duke...your fiance...

Germaine:
(Quite calm) How interesting if the Duke has been
fighting for me?

Sonia:
(Excited) With the best swordsman in Paris! (Goes up
to terrace C. Toward L of table) What's to be done?
What can we do? (Looking out C to R.) Listen.



Germaine:
What is it?

Sonia:
Some one on horseback.

Germaine:
(Running up C and looking off R) Yes – galloping.

Sonia:
(Clapping hands) It's he! It's he!

Germaine:
Do you think so?

Sonia:
I'm sure. It is.

Germaine:

Then he's just in time for tea. He knows I hate waiting.

Sonia:

He's riding in straight from the fields.

Germaine:

He can't do it. There's the fence; an enormous fence; and a mill stream.

Sonia:

He's going to jump the river (Hides face - turns away, hiding her eyes) Ah!

Germaine:

He jumped. He's clear. Bravo, Jacques, bravo. (She moves down RC) That horse cost 7,000 francs. Quick. (Germaine comes down stage R, takes pendant from table B. Sonia goes to back of table P.) A cup of tea. He deserves it. He really is a Duke. Did I show you his latest present? A pendant of pearls.

Sonia:

(Distracted) They're magnificent.

(Enter the Duke C from R in high spirits)

Duke:

If that's for me, very little milk, please, and three small lumps of sugar. (He kisses Germaine's hand – bows to Sonia and puts his loves and hat on table B.)

(Germaine stops suddenly as she is about to put the pendant in the drawer.) Five o'clock. I'm in good time.

(Germaine gives the pendant to Sonia who puts it on table N as near possible to the edge – then goes up to the tea table and pours out of a cup for the Duke)

Germaine:

You've been fighting a duel? (She moves to sofa O)

Duke:

How do you know that?

Germaine:

(Sits on sofa O. The Duke sits chair Q and during

these lines is ~~buttering bread and~~ drinking tea) Why
did you fight?

Sonia:

(Behind table P) You're not wounded? (~~Coming — Of~~
~~Duke~~)

Germaine:

(Waving her aside) Sonia, you have the addresses to
write. (Sonia up to piano) (To the Duke) Was it for
me?

Duke:

Would you like me to fight for you? (He laughs)

Germaine:

Yes, but it's obvious you didn't. You fought about
some other girl.

Duke:

If I fought about a girl, it must have been for you.

Germaine:

Well, it certainly wasn't for Sonia or a housemaid.

(Vexed) Was Relzieres hurt?

Duke:

He'll be only six months in bed.

Sonia:

(Near piano looking at picture RC) Poor fellow.

Duke:

Do him good, lying down is the best thing in the world
for a man with a liver. But, good heaven, are all those
things invitations?

Germaine:

Yes. And we've ~~got no further than~~ only reached the
letter V.

Duke:

You're inviting the whole population. We shall have to
enlarge the Cathedral?

Germaine:

One expects a crush at a wedding like this. There'll only be a few accidents, I dare say.

Duke:

(With laugh) One or two, perhaps. (Puts down unlighted cigarette on the table) (To Sonia) Will you be an angel?

Sonia:

(Wondering) Will I?

Duke:

Yes. Play me some Grieg. I heard you yesterday. No one plays Grieg like you?

Germaine:

It would be very nice. But Mademoiselle Kritchnoff has her work to do.

Duke:

A little change will do her good – and me too.

Germaine:

Oh, Jacques, you're most annoying.

Duke:

And you are very sweet.

Germaine:

I shall finish by disliking you.

Duke:

(Laughing) Plenty of time for that when we're married. (Rising - moves to _RC) (To Sonia) Excellent bit of work that, isn't it? It's a Clouet. Lots of character in the face.

Sonia:

Is he one of your ancestors?

Germaine:

(Rises) Of course. Those are all family portraits. There are only Charmeraces here, and father wouldn't have any of them moved. (Goes around table N up L/ towards chiffonier.)

Duke:

(Down stage C ~~towards sofa O~~, his back to audience.)

Except mine. (Sonia and Germaine look surprised.)

Where that tapestry hangs there was formerly a portrait of me. (Moves to in front of sofa O) What has become of it?

Germaine:

(To C up) Are you joking again?

Sonia:

(Coming down R) Doesn't Your Grace know?

Germaine:

We wrote you all the details, and sent you the newspapers, three years ago. Didn't you get them?

Duke:

Three years ago I was lost in the Polar regions.

Germaine:

All of Paris talked of it. Your picture was stolen.

Duke:
Stolen? By whom?

Germaine:
Look! (She pushes back the tapestry, and shows in red
crayon, the name of Arsene Lupin.) Don't you know
the name?

Duke:
Arsene Lupin!

Sonia:
He left his signature. He always does.

Duke:
Who?

Germaine:
(Coming down to Duke) Arsene Lupin. You must know
who Arsene Lupin is.

Duke:
(Sits on sofa O) I never heard of him.

Germaine:

(Down to chair Q) You never heard of Lupin. Why he's the most whimsical, daring, and original man alive – and a burglar.

Sonia:

(RH in front of writing table B) For ten years he has defied the police. He is the only thief who has been able to get the better of the great detective, Guerchard.

Germaine:

You really don't know our most fashionable thief?

Duke:

Not even well enough to ask him to dinner. What sort of a person is he?

Germaine:

(Sitting chair 2) Why, nobody knows. He has a thousand disguises of the most elaborate description. He dined twice running at the American Embassy.

Duke:

If nobody knows him, how do you know that?

Germaine:

Because the second time about ten o'clock, one of the
geusts disappeared and with him all the embassy
plate.

Duke:

Phew!

Germaine:

Lupin left his card with these words: "This is not a
theft. It's a restitution. I have taken the exact value of
Mr. Morgan's French collection."

Duke:

But the theft in this house was not worthy of your
hero. My portrait was of no value.

Germaine:

Don't think he was satisfied with that. Father's
collections were also pillaged.

Duke:

I thought your father guarded them as if they were
the treasures of the Louvre.

Germaine:

He takes too much care of them. That's how Lupin got
them.

Duke:

I see. He has accomplices in the house.

Germaine:

Only one.

Duke:

Who was it?

Germaine:

Father.

Duke:

What? Your father?

Germaine:

One morning Father had a letter --- wait --- (to Sonia)
Look in the desk and bring me the papers marked
Lupin.

Duke:

You have a Lupin portfolio?

Germaine:

Of course. It was such an extraordinary matter we
kept everything.

Sonia:

(Goes to desk, takes papers from it, then returns to C.
Germaine rises and takes the letters from her) Here
they are. Mr. Gournay-Martin, collector, at his
Chateau of Charmerace. (Gives it to Germaine who
sits on sofa right of Duke)

Duke:

What peculiar writing.

Germaine:

Read the letter aloud.

Duke:

(Reading) "Sir, pardon me for writing without an introduction. I think you will know my name. In your picture gallery there's an excellent Murillo, which I like very much. Your Rubens' also please me, as well as your Vandyke. In your drawing-room I like a Louis XIII alter table, the Beauvais tapestries ~~are Beauvais~~, the Empire card-tables, the Boule clock and other charming things of less importance. I admire very much a tiara which you bought at the same of the Marquis de la Ferronomaye, and which was once worn by the unfortunate Princess of Lamballe. This tiara has a double interest for me first, for its tragic memories and also, though it's hardly worth speaking of, for its intrinsic value. I should say, that the stones in this tiara are worth at least 150,000 francs.

Germaines:

What do you think of that?

Duke:

(Continues) "I beg, sir, that you will be good enough to pack these beautiful things with care, and send them to me, prepaid, to the Station at Batignolles,

before a week passes. Unless you do this, I shall take steps for their removal the night of Wednesday the 27th or Thursday the 28th of September. Excuse any trouble I may be giving you, and allow me to sign myself, with great devotion, Arsene Lupin.” Funny!

Very funny! How your father must have laughed.
(Duke returns letters to Germaine who rises and gives them to Sonia)

Germaine:

Laughed! I wish you could have seen his face. He took it all very seriously. (Sonia puts papers back in writing-desk R)

Duke:

But surely he didn't send the things to the Batignolles?

Germaine:

No. But he took the first train to Paris and placed the tiara in the vaults of the Credit Lyonnais. Then he went to the Public Prosecutor.

Duke:

Who laughed at him and reassured him.

Germaine:

Of course, but before morning this was what he got.

(To Sonia who is at the desk RH) Give me the
dispatch!

Sonia:

(Taking telegram from box, reads it) "The things are
not at the Batignolles. Get everything ready by
tomorrow evening."

Duke:

No.

Sonia:

(Advancing and handing telegram to Duke.) Look!

Duke:

Why, it's really true. (He returns telegram to Sonia,
who takes it back to desk B)

Germaine:

(Sitting on Chair R of table C) Thereupon Father conceived the idea. Two days before, we had seen in the newspaper t hat Guerchard the celebrated detective, the only real ~~opponent~~ of match for this Arsene Lupin – that Guerchard was at Rennes on his vacation! We rushed to him, found him rusticating under a big straw hat, and in a little Curate's garden, watering tulips.

Sonia:

He Guerchard has a passion for flowers.

Germaine:

He began by sending us to the devil, but as soon as father spoke of Lupin, he was a different person. He immediately placed himself at our disposal, and wired to Paris for two men in whom he placed absolute confidence.

Duke:

Well? Go on!

~~He had been in the hopes that Guerchard the celebrated detective was on a vacation he rushed to him. He rushed to him. He _ _ to be a match for the clever (doublestrikethroughunknown) Lupin. When we told him about Lupin, Arsene Lupin, he immediately headed _ at an _ _ and wired for two men in whom he placed absolute confidence.~~

Duke:

~~Well! Go on.~~

Germaine:

(Rising and kneeling (one knee) on chair) The night of the 27th came. Guerchard shut all the servants in their room in the Chateau, and remained with his men in the hall where the collections were. Will you ever forget that night, Sonia?

Sonia;

Never! Those three men with revolvers and guns, and dark lanterns – Ugh!

Germaine:

It was awful. Father, Sonia, and I retired to the left

wing and locked ourselves in. The night passed quickly, not a sound. In the morning we rushed out.

Duke:
Well?

Germaine:
The deed was done.

Duke:
What?

Sonia:
It was done.

Duke:
What. The pictures!

Germaine:
They were gone.

Duke:
The altar table?

Sonia:
Gone.

Duke:
And the tiara?

Germaine:
Oh, the tiara was in the vaults of the Credit Lyonnais.
I really don't know why he took your portrait. He did
not speak of that theft in his letter.

Duke:
It's incredible. He must have hypnotized Guerchard,
or given him chloroform.

Germaine:
Guerchard! The man wasn't Guerchard.

Duke:
What?

Sonia:
The gardener was a false Guerchard. He was Lupin.

Duke:

Ha! Ha! Not bad! When the real Guerchard found this out, what did he do?

Sonia:

(Puts telegram back on desk with other papers) He ~~lost his~~ —. It almost killed Guerchard.

Germaine:

~~And~~ But he will devote the rest of his life to running Lupin down.

Duke:

And has no one been able to put their hands on this temporary Guerchard?

Germaine:

No, there wasn't a shadow of a trace of him, except the letter and telegram and that signature. (She points to signature of Lupin behind the tapestry. Germaine goes up stage RC. The Duke rises and moves to C)

Duke:

(Rises + moves to C) What a clever devil!

Germaine:

(Laughing) Too clever! I shouldn't be a bit surprised if
he were here now.

Duke:

Here now?

Germaine:

Several things in this room have been moved. For
instance that's been moved. And look at the window, a
pane has been broken just above the catch.

Duke:

(At RC behind chair R) Great scott!

(Enter Firmin C from L)

Firmin:

Are you at home, Mamzelle?

Germaine:

Yes, but why are you answering the door?

Firmin:

I have to Mademoiselle. All the other servants have gone to Paris. Shall I “usher in” the visitors?

~~Duke:~~

~~(Laughs) Usher them in? A droll card this.~~

~~Germaine:~~

~~Who is it?~~

~~Firmin:~~

~~Two gentlemen. They said they were here before.~~

~~Germaine:~~

~~Who are they?~~

~~Firmin:~~

~~I never remember names.~~

~~Duke:~~

~~A useful person.~~

Germaine:

~~They are not the little man about the motor car and
his son, I do hope.~~

~~Firmin:~~

~~I really can't say.~~

Germaine:

~~Well,~~ Yes, show them in! (Exit Firmin LC) (Germain comes down to Duke RC. Charolais enters CL with his two sons. They move down L between table and boxing. Charolais goes around in front of table to in front of chair. The 1st son in front of chair M, the second, extreme L)

~~Duke:~~

~~Charolais!~~

Germaine:

~~Yes, when they called~~ Just now, two gentlemen were here. I thought they were George and Andre Durand, when in came - (She sees Charolais and Anastase)

Charolais:

Popped in again, you see. (He bows; Anatase bows also and stepping aside, discloses Bernard)

Sonia:

(To Germaine) Look. There's another one.

Charolais:

(Introducing) Anastase, my second son – a medical student. (Anastase bows)

Germaine:

Sir, I am sorry; my father has not come back yet.

Charolais:

It really doesn't matter. (He sits and the two sons sit also) (_ sofa A. Bernard chair L of _)

Germaine:

(Surprised for an instant. Repeating more loudly) I'm sorry, sir; my father hasn't yet come home. He may not be back for an hour. It would be a pity to waste your time.

Charolais:

Don't worry about it. This place is so delightful.

(Points to Duke) If this gentleman belongs to the family, perhaps he and I can fix a price for the motor.

Duke:

I'm sorry - I can't - I know nothing about it.

Bernard:

(Rises) If you'll come with us to the stables--

Charolais:

(Sharply) I told you to wait at Park Gate?

Bernard:

(L of TC) I wanted to see the motor.

Charolais:

Bernard, my third son. He is to go to the bar.

(Bernard bows and sits)

Germaine:

How many sons has he?

(Enter Irma L2E)

Irma:

Your father has just come in, Mademoiselle.

Germaine:

(Relieved) At last! (To Charolais) If you will come with me. (Exits in front of others to DL2E) You can go into the matter with my father at once. (During this Charolais and his sons rise, Bernard stands up near table P. Germaine is followed by Charolais and his two sons. Bernard appearing to admire the parlor, goes out more slowly. Bernard comes between tables P and seat and passing takes the cigarette case which the Duke left there, and puts it in his hat, ~~then, passing in front of table N takes the pendant and puts it in his hat,~~ then passing in front of table N takes the pendant and puts it in the inside of his vest, after knocking envelopes ~~and books~~ off table, he then starts to go out L2E)

Duke:

(Quickly to Bernard) Hello! Hello!

Bernard:

Are you speaking to me, monsieur? (Duke goes to him. Bernard approaches to the lower sofa)

Duke:

(Moves to C) That's a very useful cigarette case, but it happens to be mine.

Bernard:

I took no cigarette case. (The Duke takes his R arm and ~~leads~~ _ him-forward. Then pulls the case of out his hat. Shows it to Sonia and places it on the table.)

Duke:

A little accident I suppose.

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